

Opinion

Lessons from nature: The glow worm party

by Ryan Fiffick
Copy Editor

Glow worms. Yes, they exist. One species of insect in particular, *Arachnocampa luminosa*, is found exclusively in New Zealand, a member of the gnat family and is luminescent at all stages of its life. As a larva, it hangs beaded strings of bioluminescent mucus, resembling glowing raindrops, to attract and trap smaller, unwitting, insects—midges—that when caught, become lunch. As it would seem, these creatures are as intimidated by light as they are dependent upon it: one

must but shine a flashlight to send them scuttling into their gooeey, darkened domiciles. Additionally, a steady rain can wash these little larval nests right from the surface to which they adhere, usually the ceiling of a cave.

The Republican Party, yes it does exist, has over the past year, strung a series of incredulously unctuous lies seemingly in an attempt at attracting some of the smallest minded individuals around (the equivalent of the midge, or *Chironomus attenuatus*) seeking to sustain itself on the blood of those gullible masses.

The media, arguably the Fourth

Branch of our government, with the help of technologists, bloggers and citizen journalists, has shone a bright light on the realities the ex officio party and its grotesque abuse of the political process.

They've unveiled countless lies—some later than they should—but all seeking to peel the bark from a rotten tree to reveal the utter decomposition of valor, compassion, and social responsibility in what used to be the party of Abraham Lincoln, used to stand for minimal and effective governance in favor of liberty. When that light was shone on the Democratic party,

we learned that some unusual creatures—luminescent—had climbed to the top of the heap.

All that remains to remove the ethically moribund and their mounds of malfeasance is a steady stream of voters. They've been coming out of the blue in torrents over the past two months and show little signs of slowing in pace. As the election nears, my inner ear increasingly feels the trembles of distant thunder heralding a massive storm and the desperately frightened squeaks of mis-informed psyches. I can't wait for rain to start.

Piss drunk is a description not a command

by Joseph Chilton
Editor in Chief

Earlier this week I returned to Jones Hall to find that the elevator was being repaired and that I would have to take the stairs. Like most Jones Hall residents I talked to, this rocked my daily routine. I utilize the elevator no less than a half-dozen times each day, and any impediment to my avoidance of stair climbing causes great consternation.

Needless to say, the elevator and I have a pretty tight bond. But not only do I get angry when the elevator isn't working, but also when it has been defiled. If I am going to have to stand in coffin on a string several times each day, it needs to be a comfortable ride.

Several weeks ago the ride was made turned into possibly the most unpleasant olfactory experience of my life due to a phantom pisser over the weekend. And undoubtedly

this will happen again, because let's face it—telling your friends, "Dude, I got so trashed that I pissed in the elevator," will in some social circles cause a person to become a legend on an even keel with Paul Bunyan.

Because of the fact that this act creates a timeless drunken anecdote, it will take an even stronger deterrent to prevent students' senses of smell from being assaulted in the future. In my opinion, it is time to bring back colonial punishments.

I know that I would think twice about urinating on the carpet of an elevator if the possibility of being put in the stocks loomed as a consequence. And if repeat offenders were drawn and quartered in a public setting, perhaps on the Academic Quad as classes let out, it is safe to say that the elevator would stay human waste-free for all eternity.

Now I know what you are thinking. "Isn't that cruel and unusual punishment?" you are undoubtedly saying to yourself.

And you are correct. But that is the beauty of being a private institution.

Last Spring, thanks to the Pupil's Underground zine, we learned that the first amendment does not apply to Brevard College. So why should the eighth amendment? We can't pick and choose which amendments we want to keep.

So get out your tar and your feathers and be on the look out for clandestine excreters, you have every right to take care of

JUST A REMINDER- STUDENTS ANTICIPATING GRADUATING MAY 2009 OR SUMMER 2009 NEED TO PICK UP A GRADUATION APPLICATION IN THE OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR, BEAM ADMINISTRATION 105. THE COMPLETED APPLICATION WILL NEED TO BE RETURNED TO THE OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR NO LATER THAN MONDAY, OCTOBER 13.